



**More Time Out on Fourni.....
(Day 12....and counting)**



Yes, we are still here on Fourni....becoming part of the harbour scene....The winds continue to blow. Even in the shelter of the quayside, the boat is in constant motion. Gusting up to 30 knots even in our sheltered spot, we shake, rattle and roll with the swell. Ropes are stretched to their limits, the cleats creak, the wood groans, the fenders squeak. We can no longer walk down the main street in a straight line. The water rushes and gurgles under the hull. It is both soothing and irritating.



Recycling the old sun screen to protective coverings for the cockpit mattresses!



We knew we had chosen a difficult route totally against the wind but still...

Looking at us sceptically yesterday, a local fisherman (whilst trying to catch a large octopus that was hiding under our boat) said, "Tinos, eh? Do you have a lot of time? Then "You'll get there. But who knows when..." The old ladies in the supermarket ask us with concern, "Do you have enough money? You can pay us later" The young coast guards are kind and worried (probably no passing yacht has ever stayed this long before!) and send the firetruck to fill up our water tanks (no charge). We are getting more laid back with every day and find things to do. It grows on you here. The peacefulness, the colours, the air...the slight eccentricity of the place....



Yet amid the peace, dreadful things can suddenly happen. It's early evening and from the boat we can see there seem to be a lot of people moving en masse towards the beach...and they start running. Puzzled, we wonder if it's maybe a dolphin sighting, or even an evening event ?

I say jokingly, "Perhaps, it's a body"... and, of course, it is.

A 60 year old local man, goes for a swim, has a heart attack and drowns, not 200 metres away while I am washing my top and shorts. It was windy, no-one but his wife was on the beach- she hauled him out. A whole crowd stands around,, no doctor here, just young shocked coastguards of about 20 who don't know what to do. Jan goes to help but it is all too late. All eyes are on him as he is forced to pronounce him dead. We are all stunned.

In the village, it is a very subdued evening. Unknowingly, we dine at a taverna almost on the widow's doorstep and have already ordered before it becomes clear. We munch self-consciously and uncomfortably on our grilled lamb chops, trying to fade into the surroundings. As with all other transactions, the Greeks do not bear their grief quietly. Wailing, the widow is brought out of the house before a parade of little old ladies in black scuttle busily in and out. Already, at midday the next day, the town assembles behind the priest to follow the casket, on the back of a pick up truck, up the winding hill to the church for the funeral. It's all over that quickly.....

But not for us...the extreme meltemi continues...the forecast goes on and on...

The petrol pump attendant fell about laughing this morning when we mentioned Tinos.

The locals quite plainly think we are mad. However, we have not yet hit our record of 23 days on Chios so at some point we imagine it will stop. This route is still the best of a bad choice when crossing Greece at this time of year.

A charter boat passed by going south....we have the time to wait, they don't. Delays cost them dearly in heavy penalties which is a dangerous policy as some are forced to sail in dangerous conditions.



Much of the charm lies in the small details which sometimes takes awhile to notice.



Even Tuck has become laid-back...and so we wait...

Time for another lobster spaghetti!

